

Captured

by weareallliars

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Summary: Samus is caught by the Space Pirates, and the Master Chief has to save her, but who's the one doing the saving? Incomplete, abandoned. Last updated 8/4/08

1. Aerodynamic

Note: There's a lot of inconsistencies with Halo cannon in this story. I wrote most of this a few years back, so just bear with me . Also I'm aware of Master Chief's inability to have feelings for the opposite gender. But lets just ignore that for the sake of this story, please. Hehe.

****PROLOGUEâ€|****

****0125 Hours, March 10, 2011 (Military Calendar)/****

****United States Center of Scientific and Space Research****

****Codename: _Area 51_****

First Lieutenant Daniel Rodriguez awoke from his bunk. Rubbing his eyes, he got up, and readied himself in the usual manner.

Shower, shave, and clothing.

_I'm getting sick of this... _he thought.

He had not seen his wife and daughter in over 2 years since he was assigned to this dump. What troubled him was how he ever agreed to this position. He had sacrificed everything he had, including pretty much his outside life, just to be stationed here, because of the extensively high income he was receiving, and sending to his family.

But now he was reflecting, and starting to regret his decision. He let out a sigh as his cellular phone suddenly rang. He picked the absurdly thin, silver phone, flipped it open and answered.
"Rodriguez,"

He was standing, and then a voice came through the phone's speaker.

"Good morning, Daniel." A deep, old-aged male voice said.

"Morning, " Daniel sat down on his bunk as the man began to talk.

"Look, Daniel. I know you have a lot of pressure on you right now, and you're about to do something that has never been done before. I just had to ask for your forgive--"

"Stop, " Daniel cut him off. "Look, it was a misunderstanding. It wasn't your fault, it wasn't my fault." He furrowed his eyebrows. "I understand how you felt. It wasn't your fault she left. It was no one's."

"I see your point, but still, you have my apologies. I've spoken with her, I am only glad I was able to set things straight in the end." the man replied.

There was a long pause from either side.

Daniel broke the silence. "I forgive you."

The man sighed. "Thank you. Look, I am very proud of what you have accomplished and I wish you the best of luck with this."

Daniel closed his eyes. "Thanks, and. . . same to you."

"Very well then. Again, good luck out there. Do be careful."

"I will," Daniel replied. "Goodbye... Dad."

"Farewell, son."

The phone clicked and the man hung up. Daniel let out another sigh. _Twenty years. And still he feels guilty. _He thought. _Mother always was so insensitive though. . . _

He pushed his thoughts out of his mind and back to where they should be: the mission.

2 hours later. . .

"Captain, this is Rodriguez. All systems are green and good to go," Said the Lieutenant.

He and his crew of twenty were about to be the first humans to travel at hundreds of times faster than the speed of light through space, towards a newly discovered planet very similar to Earth, known to civilians as, Epsilon Eridanus IV and codenamed by the military as: _Reach_.

He took a deep breath as he was fastened into the seat of the ship,

along with his crew. "Copy that, Commander." The Shaw-Fujika Translight Engine had recently been developed in secret by the U.S. and Japanese government.

He snapped back from his thoughts, realizing what he was supposed to be doing. "Okay," Rodriguez said, pressing a series of buttons and pulling various levers. "Initiating start-up sequence nowâ€¦"

The bus-sized ship's engines roared as it began to hover and turn towards the metallic, cylindrical tunnel that had opened in the side of the hangar, which was quite large in size.

Here we goâ€¦ Rodriguez thought.

He pressed the throttle forward, and the ship vaulted into the tunnel at a nearly instant speed of 678mph, and gradually increasing, and out into the night sky.

"Engines are doing well, Captain, still holding at 100" Daniel said.

Captain Ethan Thompson tightened his seat belt, as did the rest of the crew, as the G-forces began to take effect on them.

"Good job, Lieutenant, keep me informed on engine status."

"Copy," Daniel replied.

The ship flew at unimaginable speeds, and the crew was bouncing around in their chairs. The ship rumbled heavily, and the ride became much more smooth once the ship left the earth's atmosphere. Through the main view port Rodriguez saw an expanse of black, dotted with stars. He was in awe, despite the many times he'd already been in space. This is what he was born to do.

Rodriguez hit the comm. "This is Lieutenant Rodriguez to home base. Over."

One of the men in the lab replied, "This is Home Base, Go ahead, Lieutenant."

Rodriguez pressed a series of buttons on the ship's hull, and said, "Activating Translight engines nowâ€¦"

The ship then disappeared in a blur.

Three minutes passed and a transmission from the ship came through the lab's speakers. Static was heard, followed by screams and a strange warping sound.

Then it cut off and ended.

All those in the room fell silent.

"Sir, we've lost contactâ€¦"

2. Under A Killing Moon

0500 Hours, February 3, 2553

****(Military Calendar) on board****

****UNSC carrier Atlantic, near****

****Planet Slevon III****

The Master Chief looked out the window of his quarters.

He saw the planet Slevon III, and its two moons. He also saw something else. Two Covenant destroyers and one carrier disappeared as they made the jump into slipstream space.

It's been four months since the Covenant's invasion of Earth, and the destruction of Installation 04, one of the seven Halos. Recently, the Slevon Planetary System's UNSC Military Outpost detected Covenant activity on the surface of the uninhabited planet, Slevon III. The mission was to infiltrate onto the planet and figure out what the Covenant were doing there, and why.

The Master Chief, along with a group of elite Spec Ops Marines, were preparing to descend onto the planets surface. The Master Chief suited up within his quarters, and turned his comm system on. It beeped and he answered. "_Master Chief, this is Captain Lester; need you on the bridge for briefing ASAP._" The Master Chief replied, "Yes sir, I will be there shortly." He turned ended the transmission. The Master Chief picked up an energy drink from a small fridge on a counter and downed it. Then he took his helmet and placed it over his head.

He left his quarters, and began walking down the hall toward the lift to the bridge as he dodged Marines and various personell that were also walking to their own destinations. He finally got to the lift, and stepped inside. It activated, and began ascending. After a short while, the lift's doors opened and the Master Chief stepped onto the bridge. "Master Chief Spartan 117 reporting as ordered, sir." And he saluted. Captain Donovan T. Lester returned the salute. "At ease, chief," Captain Lester looked through the bridge's window. "We're now within drop range, so I suggest you get your squad prepared for landing a-sap." The Chief nodded. "Sir is that it?" The Captain turned back to the Master Chief. "We're running short of time, so this A.I. will brief you further upon landing," He said, as he handed the Master Chief a data chip that contained the Artificial Intelligence, Alexandra. "She will help you on your mission as Cortana did. Good luck, Master Chief. Dismissed." The Master Chief Saluted and left the bridge.

He met up at the armory, where his squad of Spec Ops Marines were packing MA5B Assault Rifles, M6D Pistols, Sniper Rifles, two Jackhammer Rocket Launchers, grenades, cans of C-12, and various other equipment. Once they were ready they headed to the docking bay, where a stealth-equipped, black Pelican dropship, also carrying a warthog, awaited. They boarded, and the ship rose as the bay doors opened. The dropship flew out into space, towards the surface of the planet.

The Ship rumbled as it entered the planets atmosphere. They were to be dropped off near a UNSC outpost base, and proceed on foot to the sector where the Covenant had been detected. The route to it ran through a canyon, which, apparently ends three miles from the

suspected Covenant installation. They were dropped off, and a scout party went ahead in a Warthog jeep. The Master Chief took the data chip that Captain Lester had given him, and inserted it into the slot at the back of his helmet. He felt a pang of pain, and it felt like someone had poured a glass of ice water into his mind—the same way as it was when he worked with Cortana. "Good afternoon, Master Chief," A young, flirty woman's voice said. "My name's Alexandra, but you can call me Alex. I'll help you on your mission, 'k?" The Master Chief wondered who had programmed this A.I. She sounded like a civilian. "Thank you, Alex" He turned to his team. "All right, let's go." He said and boarded one of the warthogs. "It's approximately 59 miles to the installation, so saddle up and move out!"

They began the journey towards through the canyon. Most of them were walking, the Master Chief along with two other marines were slowly advancing in the warthog. Within an hour of the trek, the Master Chief signaled his team to stop. They did so, and the chief noticed a contact on his motion detector. A faint blue light darted across the canyon wall, and then disappeared, as did the small blip on his motion detector "What the fuck was that?" A marine muttered. The marine next to him shrugged. "I dunno, mate, but I got a bad feelin' about this..." He noticed the strange ruins around them. The lights became figures, but quickly disappeared once more. "Shit, they look like ghosts or summin'!" Another marine yelled.

Suddenly, hundreds of ghostly blue figures appeared around them and began to fire bluish-white balls of energy at the team. The Marines fired back, but the rounds had no effect. They were being cut down rapidly. Marines yelled as the energy bolts splattered across their chests, boiling away their armor and flesh like acid on paper. Loud screeching noises echoed through the canyon, and several marines yelled in pain, as the sounds popped their eardrums. The energy bursts continued to rain down on the small convoy.

All of the other marines besides the ones in the 'hog had finally been killed, and not knowing how to battle these 'ghosts', the Master Chief decided to do one the only thing he could think of at this point. Run. The Master Chief slammed down on the pedal and the 'hog screeched forward. The marine on the turret fired backwards at the 'ghosts' as they seemingly flew right behind them, still firing whatever it was from their arms. The Chief swerved left and right, dodging the powerful blasts, until one hit the tail of the jeep. It flipped, and the Master Chief flew out, and rolled across the stone floor into a crevice. He grabbed the edge, holding on for dear life, but the rock crumbled.

And the Master Chief fell into the darkness.

3. Heretics & Killers

I feel like George Lucas right now. Chapters are bouncing around, stuff keeps being added in. Yeah. I'm very interested in writing this story, but I take so much time in between updates that stuff gets added onto or changed. So sorry to everyone who now has literally been waiting for years to read this... |D

****Covenant held ground, Slevon III****

****Ninth Age of Reclamation****

A small installation, surrounded by shielded and Shade Stationary turrets and many Covenant troops. Much like a castle, only dug in at the end of a canyon. On one of the installation's four towers, a black armor clad Brute stood. He is much bigger than the usual Brute, and has distinct tribal tattoos on his arms, along with scars that tell exactly what he was: a fierce warrior that has been in many battles. The skulls of humans he had slain dangle from his belt. His name is Arktarus.

He looked to the balcony's door as they hissed open and out came the Prophet of Humility, beside two Brute Honor Guards. The Brute bowed. "Rise, Arktarus." The Prophet said with a motion of his Brute does so, and began to speak. "Holy one, my squad has confirmed our visitor's presence... The Demon has arrived at the mines. "The Prophet's hover chair slightly bobbed. "Very well, Arktarus. Send your best warriors to the mines. This Demon's blood must be spilled today." Arktarus gave a final bow. "Today shall be his last." he said, and walked back into the Prophet remained, and turned towards the canyon's scenery.

"That has been said before, rodent."

0236 Hours, February 4, 2553

(Military Calendar)

unknown coordinates

Surface of Planet Slevon III

The Master Chief (who will now be referred to as John) woke up. He tasted copper, and his vision slowly reset. He was in a cavern of some sort, the only light was from the strange blue fauna that lined the cavern walls and floors. Suddenly, Alexandra's perky, friendly voice was heard. "Ah! Finally! You're awake!" "Yeah, can I take my helmet off?" John replied. "One second, scanning atmosphere..." There was a small beep and Alexandra spoke again. "Mhmm, sure can, atmosphere is breathable." John took his helmet off, and spit blood from his mouth. He opened one of the small packs on his waist and pulled out a sort of rag, and wiped off sweat and blood from his scarred face. He sat against a rock, with his back to it and popped a stim pack. Alexandra broke the silence. "Well, chief, your vitals are reading fine, but I hope you feel alright," John flipped a lock of hair from his face. "Thanks, but can you tell me where we are?" he asked, hastily. Alexandra made a sound that was passable as a human sigh.

"Very well, Chief. It appears we are approximately four kilometers under where you fell into here." John stood up. "Four kilometers?" he said, amazed. "Yep," Alexandra replied. "Four. Don't ask, I went temporarily off-line when we fell. Why, I don't know. I didn't do it intentionally though. My guess is some kind of EMP or something, strange your shields didn't go off though. I dunno how we survived." John shrugged. "Very well. But now what?" he asked. "Hold on," Alexandra said, crossing her arms. "I'm scanning the area topography for a way out of here... but as for fire team foxtrot, all KIA. One MIA" John sighed. Alexandra continued. "Ah, here we go, this tunnel to your right leads out to the surface again, and also I did pick up a warthog transponder beacon at the mouth of the cavern."

John got up and replaced his helmet. "Well lets get going then," he said as he turned on his LED lights and began walking through the cavern, dodging stalagmites and the strange blue fauna as he went. "Ah yes! Here we are... Nah, wait that's not right..." Alexandra said. "Huh? What are you talking about?" John asked. "Contacts. Lots of 'em, about a klick from here." Alexandra answered. "Covenant, there's a mine of some sort in here... They're looking for something, as usual. Maybe some sort of Forerunner tech?" She chuckled. "Could be; it might explain those ruins we saw up there." John said. Alexandra shook her head. "Nooooo, I doubt those are Forerunner. They had like, absolutely no similarity to any Forerunner ruins or whatever we've seen yet, and definitely not using the same materials." "Oh. Well let's keep going, we need to find out what these Covenant are doing here." John replied.

John kept walking. Finally after a while, John saw light. He turned off his LEDs. the cavern tunnle he'd been walking through was narrow and small. But he saw an exit. But it wasn't to the outdoors. He came out, and was flooded with light. He was on a sort of edge, looking over a giant cavern, with Covenant machinery and hundreds of troops. They were working, mining something, except for the occasional Brute guards. However they were all armed. John crouched and surveyed the area. There was a sort of tower/hill structure within the cavern, in the center of the whole operation. "So what exactly are we going to do?" John asked Alexandra quietly. "Well, whatever is going on here, there's gonna be answers inside that tower. Hold on, gimme a second... Ah alright, I've scanned the area. There's a Covenant computer mainframe in that structure, if we can get inside and upload me into that, maybe I can get some answers," She replied. "Alright then. Best course of action?" John asked. "Stealth," Alexandra said.

"Oh lucky us, look, theres some active camouflage projectors down below this ledge. There's a few Jackals guarding them though, you might wanna take them out silently." John took a breath. "Understood." John layed down at the ledge, and pulled out his M6D Pistol, and screwed a silencer into the barrel. He pointed it down, towards the three Jackals that stood by the bin that held the projectors. He activated the M6D's 2x scope and took aim. Three muffled shots burst from the gun. Three Jackals' face exploded in bursts of purple blood as the 12.7mm semi armor-peircing rounds tore through their flesh. "Nice shot, chief." Alexandra said. John nodded. "Thanks." Alexandra 'whewd'. "Okay lets move down there and pick one of those up."

John began climbing down the ledge carefully. He finally made it, and crept over to the bin and took one of the active camouflage projectors. He placed it on his wrist and activated it. He suddenly disappeared, blending into his surroundings. And just in time too. A group of two Brutes and a Jackal had came to the scene, most likley caught the scent of the Jackal's blood. They spoke in their strange alien tongue, and began searching for clues as to what happened. John silently crept around the area, behind machinery, as one of the Brutes found something. It bent over to pick it up: a small, shiny, golden colored metal tube.

An empty magnum shell.

The Brute barked orders to the other and the Jackal, and the two left

running towards the center of the cavern. The remaining Brute unslung a Brute Shot from his back and loaded it with grenades from its belt. He fitted the large blade onto the end and began sniffing the air, looking around carefully. John crouched, and pulled a combat knife from its sheath on his belt. It instantly camouflages as well, and he began walking towards the Brute. The Brute turned, however, and knew something was watching him. Then John ran forward. The Brute saw the outline of something coming towards and held his weapon up. But John was already at his throat with the knife, and sliced it. Purple-black blood oozed from the wound as John dug the knife deeper, and finally killed the brute (pun intended lol), and it fell down, slamming into the ground in a heap. Blood leaked onto the ground and a horrible smell came from the corpse. "Shit his pants..." John mumbled under his breath. "That's not good, chief. The whole place is gonna find us if we don't move on." Alexandra said.

John kept walking towards the center of the cavern, evading more Brutes, and various Covenant soldiers and workers. Eventually he made his way to the structure, and came to a door, similar to those found in High Charity. It hummed as he approached it, and opened. A few Jackals came out, and John let them pass, and crept into the structure. It was not too different than High Charity, in fact, it seemed as if he was back on the station. He went through a few corridors and hallways until he came upon the central control room that was strangely empty, save the large, Covenant computer in the center, that connected to some kind of machinery in the ceiling through large, purple, metallic wires. "Aha! There it is," Alexandra said with a chuckle. "Okay chief, you know what to do." John nodded and pulled the chip that held Alexandra from his helmet. He put it into one of the slots on the computer.

A hologram of Alexandra appeared on a small pedestal near the computer. "Woosh!" She said. "Okay lets see here... 'gimme a second to access..." John's camouflage deactivated, and he holstered his M6D. "Ahhh well alright look at this!" Holograms appeared on the computer dashboard, and images of covenant mining something, and alot of data scrolling across the holoscreen. Alexandra pointed at a particular group of data. "Here, gotcha." She said. John stretched. "Well it appears that the Covenant are here, mining an element they call 'Phazon.' Apparently, it's some kind of mutagen with very high radiation levels, nothing like what we have seen on Earth so far." Alexandra explained. "Do you know why they're mining it?" John asked. The hologram of Alexandra shrugged. "Iunno. I tried getting into that but something didn't let me. I'm thinking a Covenant A.I." John adjusted his camouflage projector. "Then we should get going, If that A.I. reports us, we could be overrun any second now." Alexandra changed hues, as Cortana did. "I agree, sorry I couldn't do anything about the A.I. though, I'm not a 'Smart A.I.' as ONI calls us." John took the chip back from the computer and placed it into one of the slots in his helmet. "It's fine. We should get out of here anyway. Let's go."

John turned back towards the door he came in, and began jogging towards it. The door, however, opened, and an almost Satanic looking, black furred Brute, followed by two Brute Honor Guards, came into the room. John froze and attempted activating his camouflage, but it had been exhausted. The Brute spoke. "Greetings, Demon." It said in a horribly awkward and forced English tongue. "I have been sent here to kill you. This place shall be your grave, and I shall take your head to the Heierarchs on a platter." The Brutes held up their weapons,

and John unslung his MA5C Assault Rifle, and aimed it at the Brutes head. "You can try." he said. The Brute laughed. "Foolish Human." And the Brutes began firing at John with their Brute Shots. The grenades exploded against John's shields, and they flared. John, dodged and leaped behind the computer, waiting for his shields to recharge.

The Brute's laughter echoed through the chamber. "So this is the Human's greatest warrior?" It began walking around the computer, followed by the two Honor Guards. John's shields recharged, and he crouched, and then leaped as high as he could, back flipped the computer. He unsheathed his knife in mid air, and landed on the back of one of the Honor Guards. It roared, but was cut off as John dug the knife under the Brute's chin, and sliced upwards, slitting it's throat, and part of it's jaw off simultaneously. It fell, and the other two Brutes charged towards John again. In one swift motion, John sheathed his knife, unslung his rifle and began firing at the other Honor Guard as it came towards him.

The 7.62mm rounds seemed to be absorbed into the Brute's hide, and John's clip was nearly out of ammo, when one final round cut through the Brute's spinal cord, and it toppled over, in a pool of it's own blood. John quickly reloaded his weapon, as the remaining Brute roared a battle cry, dropped it's weapon, and charged at John on all fours like an animal. Which at this point, it pretty much was. "Watch out!" Alexandra yelled. "It's berserking!" John ran around the computer, picking up plasma grenades from the other Brute corpses as he went, and finally stopped. The Brute was coming around quickly, and John took one of the plasma grenades, and readied himself. "I hope you know what you're doing," Alexandra said. "We'll be fine." John replied calmly. The Brute was about a yard from John, when John activated the plasma grenade, and as the Brute was about to tackle him, John grabbed the brute by the neck.

The momentum of both the combatants swung John onto the brutes back, and the Brute stopped, and struggled to pull the human off. John held onto it with one arm and with the other, he grappled the Brute's jaw, and pulled it backwards, planting the plasma grenade on its face. He bent his knees inward, and then leaped off the Brute's back, and away from it. The Brute realized what had happened and panicked. But all for not. The grenade detonated, and the computer and floor around it was spattered with what looked like blackish purple paint.

John took a breath and stood up. "Wow chief, good job." Alexandra complimented. "All in a day's work?" John said a bit too quizzically. "Eh.. Well let's go chief, we still have to get to that warthog at the end of the tunnel. There's another tunnel north from here, thats where we need to go to get out. We have all the intel we need from here."

4. Ex Marks the Spot

The Master Chief had made his way through the large cavern and reached the northernmost tunnel.

He was now pacing rather quickly, and after having attempted to communicate with the marine squad and failed various times, he decided to step up the pace.

The caverns were relatively similar to the others he and Alexandra

had already gone through. But as they entered a new one, an eerie blue glow began to cover the rock walls, and a strange, quiet, and low pulsing sound could be heard. Walking further into the narrow but high cavern, there was a strange substance along the sides of the walls that were the source of the sound. It glowed a bright blue against the darkness of the cavern.

"What is that?" John asked. Alexandra rebooted her system and replied. "That would be..." There was a pause. "Phazon. The stuff they're mining here. It has extremely high mutagenic properties, but I have no idea what they could be using it for... unless..."

"You think so?" John asked. Alexandra sighed. "It's possible. From what we know the Space Pirates were doing some strange mutation experiments with the native lifeforms in the Tallon system three years ago. I wish I knew more, but ONI keeps that stuff classified, even to me."

John continued walking through the cavern.

"That's okay. It makes sense. Except for the fact that the Covenant doesn't seem the type to do an operation like that." John said. Alexandra let out a small electronic chuckle. "Well they are religious fanatics. I don't think it'd be out of their league for it."

John shrugged; he was about to reply, but Alexandra cut him off. "Ah! We're almost at the exit, chief!" Sure enough, John saw a faint white light ahead that increased in brightness as he neared it. Finally reaching it, he walked out once again into the harsh sunlight. His visor automatically adjusted to the sun's glare. After a few seconds his eyes fully adjusted and he looked around.

"There's the warthog!" Alexandra said, a hint of relief and excitement creeping into her synthetic voice. John noticed there was a marine in the drivers seat. He rushed over and checked his pulse. Dead. There was a strange wound on the back of his head, similar to a plasma scouring, but not quite the same. "What happened, Alexandra?"

Alexandra began processing information. "I'm not too sure, never seen a wound like this before; it's not in any of my logs either. I'm thinking it could be from a galvanic accelerator cannon, but the edges of the burn are really strange. I do, however, know where this came from," she said, pausing. "Those things we encountered," John finished for her. "Mhmm. Dead on."

John looked around again. The exit of the cave was apparently on the side of a rock wall that went fairly high up, and turning his eyes along it's right side, there was the end of the canyon, and further in, he could vaguely make out the shapes of strange ruins carved into the walls.

"Well, there's nothing we can do about it now," Alexandra said, "Take the tags, we should continue on to the objective, we know everyone else is gone, so we should get going..." John nodded. "Alright." He then layed the body down under a small crevice in a boulder and closed the fallen soldier's eyelids.

"The warthog seems to be in pretty good shape, a few of the same

burns on it's hull, but it's okay." Alexandra said. John simply nodded and settled himself into the drivers seat, turning the vehicle on.

"Alright Alexandra where to now? A coordinate point would be nice." John said. Alexandra once again began her scans, and after a second returned a reply. Data and topography information scrolled on the warthog's NAV screen, along with a NAV pointer "There. This is where the Covenant installation should be located. We need to get there quick. It's about a mile from here, we should stop near the main courtyard and use as much stealth as possible."

John slammed the accelerator and the warthog's large tires kicked up dirt as the vehicle sped forward towards the Covenant center.

He drove for a few minutes untill the warthog's comm began crackling static and white noise. "What's that?" John asked. "Relay that signal, Alexandra." Alexandra used the warthogs communications system to reroute the signal an trace it back to it's location. "Yes sir, mister chief."

The comm kept making noise until a garbled transmission came in. "_...This is... unter Samu... for... ty..." _Strange, John thought. "Ah, here it is." Alexandra marked the signals origin on the NAV map with a dot. "Should we investigate? It's not a Covenant channel, it's not encrypted either," she continued. John shifted his course. "Alright, let's check it out. It's well on the way, so we might as well."

After a few minutes, they went around some dunes and saw a shiny orange object in the distance.

Closing in, the object slowly became a figure standing near a dead, lone, shrub.

It was a blonde haired woman clad in armor.

5. Hey, John, What's Your Name Again?

3rd time being re-written -.- this seems to be the blahhest chapter, but I'm gonna do it once chapter 3 is done, it just feels better. Apologies for making these all jump around, it's just I finally am getting into this story and realizing it's kinda lame, so lemme fix that up...

Chapter 4

Samus set her coordinates for the planet Slevon III. The Galactic Federation had assigned her a new mission in that sector. "According to data stolen from a Space Pirate outpost by Galactic Federation spies," Samus typed into her log. "The Space Pirate's new High Command base had been detected deep in the caverns of the abandoned planet, Slevon III. Galactic Federation and the United Nations Space Command also had a base installed a few hundred miles from the Space Pirate base. The two are battling, along with a group of other entities, believed to be known as "The Covenant," and I have been sent to assist in the stealth operations. " Samus chuckled. Ever since her first Space Pirate raids, there always was some sort of underground base. They had made it too obvious. " Adam," She said to

her ship's onboard computer, who she had named after her old mentor on K-2L. "Give me an ETA to Slevon III." Samus continued. "Estimated time of arrival to Slevon System is approximately 00:45 minutes, my lady." Adam answered. "Thank you, Adam,"

Samus's ship entered Slevon III's atmosphere, and she prepared for landing. Once her ship had passed through the clouds, she looked for a good place to land. She hovered several meters off the ground, until she found a small cave big enough to hide her ship from any Space Pirates who might be patrolling the area. She flew her ship in and set it down. _Here we go again, _she thought, as she slid her slender body into her Chozo battle suit. She made a systems check on it. Data scrolled across one of the screens of her ship's holopanel.

"Beam Systems: Online

Missile Systems: Online

Morph Ball Systems: Online

Movement Systems: Online

Charge Beam Systems: Online

Visor Systems: Online

All other systems: Online?

Good. Finally, she put her helmet on, and sealed the suit. Walking towards the middle of her ship, she punched the 'open hatch' button hastily and left her ship, leaping out into the hot atmosphere. She walked out of the cave and found herself on a dune. She began to sweat almost instantly because of the heat. She set up a communication system and attempted to signal the Galactic Federation troops. "This is Bounty Hunter Samus Aran, reporting for duty," She said. Nothing... She tried yet again, and no response. _Some kind of interference, maybe? _she thought. The suns heat beat down onto the sand to the point where you could see the heat coming off the ground. Samus couldn't stand the heat anymore, and decided to remove her helmet. She wiped the sweat off of her forehead.

As Samus looked to the desert horizon, she saw a cloud of dust in the distance coming towards her. A Warthog jeep came into view, and began to slow down, then screeched to a halt near Samus. She saw the Master Chief. "Who are you?" he asked. "I'm a bounty hunter. My name is Samus Aran. Who are you?" She replied in a firm tone. "Master Chief Spartan 117, ma'm. What are you doing here?" Samus cocked her head. "That's classified," The master Chief shook his head. "Either way, do you know of any UNSC outposts near here? Or have you seen any personel at all?" He asked. "UNSC? You are with them?" As the Master Chief was about to respond, a quick, black object slammed into the ground in front of them, and exploded, sending the warthog tumbling. Samus and the Master Chief flew out and rolled onto the floor. "What the fuck?!" Samus cursed. A group of Pirate Grenadiers came into view, followed by three Wraith tanks and a few Elites. They began to fire their weapons at Samus and the Master Chief, who took cover behind the destroyed warthog. The Master Chief unslung his M90 shotgun and fed shells into it, as Samus readied her arm cannon. They returned fire, and two of the Pirates went down. One of them charged,

and leaped over the 'hog, and slammed his grenade launcher horizontally across Samus's chest. Having more strength than humans, the blow sent Samus' limp body tumbling onto the hot sand.

Quickly, the Master Chief turned to the Grenadier, and shoved the barrel of his shotgun down its throat, and pulled the trigger. Neon green blood splattered the side of the 'hog. The Master Chief threw a plasma grenade over, and it stuck right on the last pirate's forehead. It panicked, turned, and ran to a tank, which ran it over, just as the grenade exploded. The first Wraith tank exploded from underneath, sending bits of charred purple metal, plasma, and ash into the air. The Master Chief then pulled Samus's body behind the 'hog, and ran out towards the last two Wraith tanks. They fired their plasma cannons, but the Master Chief ran as fast as he could, evading the tanks tracking system; even though the plasma hit only a few feet away from him. The air around him boiled, and popped from the heat of the plasma.

One of the tanks fired a plasma charge at the Master Chief, and he leaped onto the other tank. Right before the blue globule hit the tank, the Master Chief jumped off and away from it, and the attack destroyed both tanks.

The Master Chief removed his helmet. He looked around, and saw Samus slumped across the sand. Panting, he mumbled to himself, "Shit!"

He ran back to where Samus was lying. "Wake up!" Samus didn't wake up.

"God dammit," The Master Chief removed his helmet, and decided to give her CPR, thinking maybe the hit from the Space Pirate had knocked the wind out of her. After half a minute Samus coughed. She slowly opened her eyes, and they locked with the Master Chief's. Samus quickly reacted, and firmly yet respectfully pushed the Master Chief away. "Sorry," He said. Samus got up, and held her chest. Samus took a few deep breaths. "It's fine, thanks." The Master Chief nodded. Alexandra cut him off as he was about to speak. "Aren't we forgetting something?" she said over the Master Chief's outer speakers.

(not end chapter 4)

Note: Chapter 4 will be finished as soon as I put up 3.

Sorry for any inconvenience /

End
file.